

# Mind

AND

# Matter

Physical Life--The *Mind* Department in the School of Human Geography.

COL. 1. { MIND AND MATTER Publishing House; No. 713 Sansom Street, Phila., Pa.

Essays.

Washington Hall.

Entrance of Mrs. Eliza-  
son, of Titusville, Pa.

Crowded Morning and Evening.

Appearance of the first appearance in  
of Mrs. Elizabeth Watson, of Titusville,  
in Washington Hall at Eighth and  
Garden street, on last Sunday morning and  
being very large audiences, the hall being filled  
on both sides of the platform, so that  
in the evening many ladies and gentlemen  
had to retire disappointed. At the time of begin-  
ning, Mr. Champion, the president of the First So-  
ciety of Spiritualists of Pennsylvania was in  
the chair, and the rear part and ends of the stage, were  
filled in the physical world of man's continued  
identity after death.

First, we shall point to the fact that spiritual con-

sciousness of men embraces the physical tabernacle

which it dwells; that the spirit is constantly

modifying the flesh; that the spirit does not so

much obey the flesh as dictates the flesh.

It is the material manipulation of the

spiritual, the creation and trammeling of the

spirit, that which kindly greeted

her on this occasion.

While yet in her normal

condition she admitted that she felt a little tremor

in appearing for the first time before a Philadelphia

audience, and further that this she had not even

thought of a subject to occupy her mind, and that

she had stepped upon the platform, and still felt con-

cerned that the audience was more or less

critical as well as devout and truthful investigators,

she was among intelligent friends; she did not think

she could be a better subject for present attention

than the title of "One of the songs which had just

been sung, "Pass Me Not." This then shall be the

title of the discourse.

Mrs. Watson passed under control and then de-  
livered one of the most eloquent, pleasing and

beautiful addresses that ever encircled the atten-

tive audience, holding all spell-bound.

When any persons speak words w/

h/nd extended to her the most un-  
evident of kindly fears.

EVENING LECTURE.

Upon opening the services, Mr. Champion

"I hold in my hand a paper which is

for an indescribable yearning of the spirit, at the mo-

ment of the spirit's withdrawal, it becomes a thing

fit to get worms upon. We cannot bear to come

in contact with it. We may robe it in white satin

and wreath flowers for it, but we never wish to

brace it, nor longer yearn to kiss it, we feel

further attracted for it. We feel

the spiritual identity that was its charm, the mentality,

the morality and the affection that dwelt through

every atom of this flesh, and attached us; all this

has departed now and it is the mere clod of clay.

Here is one natural evidence of the spiritual eman-

tance of the life, of this part of this animal

body, and when you are separated from it, you are

separated from the human organism

when deprived of the spirit. And again, the marked

impress which the spirit leaves upon the body--

now the materialist says that the spirit is subject to

the flesh and if the child is born physically de-

formed the result is deformity on the part of the

spirit, on the part of the mentality. But this is not

the case. The fact is, the absence of the harmo-

nious adjustment between the spirit and body is the

cause of idiocy; it is not because there is not spirit

there; not because these physical organs

will not yield to the impressions of the spirit. There is

something written in the body.

If we look over the faces of the audience we find

the qualities expressed in the physical organiza-

tions, differing widely, very widely with some,

slightly on the part of others. We see everywhere

the fact, the absence of the harmonious adjust-

ment between the spirit and body.

What is mental labor?

Why is the spirit hastening to its works, it is

spirit hastening to gather whatever it may be

the extent that it may be gathered. This is the

spiritual labor, this human world of ours, and these

human bodies and spirits are simply in a grand

school room in which we study and walk and work

as pupils, and the physical organizations are the in-

strumentalities by which the spirit is to become a

quintessence, the extensiveness by which they

have the opportunity of being informed.

I must comment this effort as worthy of your

consideration, especially to those who sympathize

with our cause. Those who hold them

near and dear the sacred relations of life.

After singing the hymn, commencing "Courage,

fairest heart; why all these fears," Mrs. E. L. Wat-

son offered the following—

### INVOCATION.

"Oh, thou infinite source of life, of love and of  
truth. These human spirits turn toward thee every-  
where, asking closer communion, more intimate re-  
lations, and the dissolution of all mystery that  
is not our vision. Thou art the source of all  
that we meet at every turn we meet thy divine life  
and know to us, that even in our sorrow thou makest  
us happy. We find thy hand in the moral  
field for the amelioration of their kind, we find  
those who, though their eyes may not be straight,  
though their noses may be set on the side, though  
their brows may be out of proportion to their chins,  
though they are not very homely, have no sympathy, no  
harmony in their eternal adjustment, yet when we  
become acquainted with the spirit nature—in other  
words, there is a spirit influence passing out from  
every human being, and it is not out of our spirit,  
but every spirit is real in the body, it is all; every-  
thing we do, whether exercise or work in any way,  
we are doing these things in obedience to a divine  
law, in obedience to a moral law, in accordance  
with the law of the flesh, and perceive that interwoven  
between them and the beloved ones, and find them-  
selves the best friends in this circle of life. These  
spirits are doing almost hopeless work in the world, may  
feel the divine presence, may constantly awaken to  
a consciousness of the dignity of the task which  
they have given them to perform. We need not ask  
them to bless us, thou dost bless us in life and death  
and forever more we praise thee.

### LECTURE.

When we shall have solved the mystery of life,  
death will no longer be to us mysterious, the philosophy of  
life and death will be clear and bright, and all  
the seeds of our spiritual life will be all the larger. We  
have been dragging a load, and all the time  
have been casting the shadow, for the substance  
and the substance for the shadow. But the time  
has come when we no longer ask the question: What  
means death? With trepidation of mind and  
heart, but we put this question to nature and to the  
divine power, as we put any other question that  
comes to us. Shall we go thus to minister to

the desire, in comparison with our aspiration. Why

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transcends man's development and human happiness,  
and we shall consider for a brief period man's relation  
to the invisible and the relation of man's invisible  
part to the visible. We shall consider for a brief time, man's nature, physical and spiritual, and try to find out what is the  
relation of man's dependence. It is possible that we may  
give some sort of a satisfactory answer to this question: If a man die, shall he live again? If we consider  
for a few moments the natural evidence of  
immortality, we may find that to every question of the  
human spirit an answer at least, is hinted at, of the  
physical world, and that the answer is to be found  
in the physical world. This is not the Law of creation, but that is  
the faint reflection of the spiritual; that the physical  
world is like the Potter's clay in the hand of the  
potter. It is the material under the manipulation  
of the spiritual, and every physical object in  
the world is the creation of the spirit. The spirit is  
pushing it out in the various forms of the spirit, and  
that is the power that shall bud and blossom: when  
these work-shops, hidden now, shall cease to exist.  
And we claim that there are natural evidences in  
what we call the visible world—that there are evi-  
dences in the physical world of man's continued  
identity after death.

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sciousness of men embraces the physical tabernacle

which it dwells; that the spirit is constantly

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much obey the flesh as dictates the flesh.

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spiritual, the creation and trammeling of the

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her on this occasion.

Now we come to man, do we find a perfect being?

We find here a being that is filled with

nameless lodgments, struggling this way, and that, un-  
like the rest of us, is tormented by the

spiritual world, and that is the reason of his

being tormented. It is the physical world that

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dences in the physical world of man's continued  
identity after death.

Another evidence is, we have the power to trans-

cend; the consciousness of the five senses, and pass

outside of the mere physical body. For instance,

you sit in this auditorium, and you wish to pass

out. You are in the auditorium, and you are in

the physical world, and you are in the presence of certain

persons. You can do this by the simple spirit voli-

tion, independent of the body. You traverse the

street which memory has laid down so clearly in

your consciousness. You cannot miss your way,

and you pass through the room and come into the

presence of your friends. You can see their faces in

this glass of memory. You are not dependent upon

the body for this journey.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

In the power of clairvoyance there is another

possible illustration of the power of the spirit to

transcend the power of the flesh. Well, says one,

"I do not believe in clairvoyance," but there are

men who have lived five hundred years ago who did

not believe in clairvoyance over which we have no

knowledge. Question this man, with sympathy manipu-

lates the flesh and soul with your hand, and tender hope for

the future, and the result will be not hardness of

the flesh, but softness of the flesh, like the blushing in

the violet. Here we find these combinations of material

substances that are graceful, that are sweet,

and that are suggestive of what?

Of something we cannot weigh, but we know

that we have not weight, but we have power.

Now we find desire, with this power, to travel distances, to see objects

of power, of which we have no knowledge.

Another evidence is



## Local Department.

## PROJECTED TEMPLE.

A number of gentlemen, who have been investigating the beautiful and wonderful phenomena known as Mediumship, and being convinced of its grand truth, are endeavoring to effect the necessary arrangement for the building of a magnificent Temple in Philadelphia, worthy of the cause. The design is to have a series of circular or square rooms. Also a public assembly room, having a capacity of 10,000 persons. There are estimated to be at least 50,000 adult Spiritualists in this city, a vast majority of them being the possessors of cultivated intellects, many holding high and important positions of honor, trust and profit, and not a few of them very wealthy.

## CHRISTMAS.

The stores in Philadelphia are putting on the usual holiday appearance, and many things useful and ornamental are temptingly displayed therein, as suitable presents for Christmas times, when the sun will begin its northern course to give renewed vitality to all things.

## SOUTHWARK SOUP SOCIETY.

The oldest organization in Philadelphia for the distribution of bread and soup to the poor people, held its annual meeting on Thursday last, to inaugurate the campaign for the winter.

## FIRST OF THE SEASON.

On Saturday the 5th inst., the weather was bad, but on this particular day a cheerful and impudent liveliness to the streets of Philadelphia. The natural event was like a frozen flower.

It is stated that the spirit of Miss Stanton who perished at Middletown, Conn., two years ago, attended to Miss Barry, who was so affrighted by her event that she has been very ill ever since.

Mrs. Briss' materializing medium has been ill for several weeks, but she is now convalescing and will soon be able to resume her seances.

J. M. FEEBLES is lecturing in Chicago—subject of the Cincinnati *Republican* of January 1st, 1887:

Prof. Locke, of the Medical College of Ohio, has invented a Thermo-Electric instrument of such delicacy and power that by the electricity generated by the instrument, of the total of twelve, a magnet of half an inch diameter, suspended like a compass needle, is not only deflected but made to rotate rapidly and repeatedly round. This is more surprising, as the electric conductor does not touch the needle but passes through it. The current is, however, so much motion has never before been produced by so little heat. A description of the instrument may be expected in *Silliman's Journal*.

## Complimentary Letter.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29, 1878.  
To Mrs. M. Young, 1620 N. 22d Street.

Please accept this silver urn as a token of esteem from the ladies of the Spring Garden Reform Association, who, through their kind and benevolent efforts, displayed at the circle for the relief of the poor a positive proof of the extraordinary power you possess. We take pleasure in informing you that the total receipt at the door and sale of tickets in the circle for the benefit of the poor, with the assistance of Providence, was the gift of the instrument to aid us to obtain assistance to that amount, for the poor and needy.

May the blessings of an all wise Providence ever follow you in all your endeavors. We have inscribed, by acclamation, your name and that of the

other members of our association.

Mrs. COTTMAN, Mrs. J. RYAN,  
& Mrs. D. A. POWERS,  
Mrs. ANNIE MORTON.

## Electric Light.

A recent copy of the London *World*, publishes the following about the electric light in use in the composing room of the London *Times*. It says:

The state of expectation in which the public mind allows itself to be carried by the "possibility" of the electric light by Mr. Edison is somewhat surprising, seeing that all the time this "possibility" is in England, and may be witnessed any night of the week at the *Times* printing offices. Arms with one or two other persons, I went that evening to the other evening, and this is what I saw: From gas light we emerged suddenly into what seemed a flood of daylight, which came from six small lamps placed at intervals round a large room, in which compositors and others were busy at work. These lamps were of the same size and were turned on and off at will. In compliance with the wish of some gentlemen present, one of these lights, selected at hazard, was turned out by means of a tap, and remained out without the slightest perceptible increase in the volume of light. The same was done in a similar manner, and with a like result, two were then turned on full power. Then one "slightly lowered," so as to give about a third of the light as with ordinary gas. In short, the "possibility" of an agreeable light which can be moderated and arranged to suit all circumstances. This is the "Rapier" light. I am no electrician, and shall not attempt to give a technical description of the apparatus employed, but it failed to possess great simplicity. Mr. Rapier's name is well known to all, and that he will be renewed, and without extinguishing the gas as less than third. His statements may be true for what they are worth, but judging from what I have seen, the *Times* people were right in preferring the sooner gas shareholders begin to hedge, investing in electric light shares, the better.

## The Comstock Laws.

The following resolutions are published by request of the members of the organization as named. At a meeting of the Fourth New York Liberal League in any way give a government of any power as censor of the opinions of the people.

Resolved, That we regard the action of the minority at Syracuse as hasty and ill-advised, without sufficient justification, and that we protest against it, and that we hope the Local Leagues of the country will not give the leaders of the new League aid and comfort by owning allegiance to the newly formed League.

Resolved, That we condemn, and pronounce false, the statement of Mr. C. C. C. in the *Boston Index*, and other papers, to the effect that the majority of the Congress are in sympathy with the vendors of impurity.

Resolved, That we hope the Leagues of the country, both national and local, will devote themselves to the right work of the League, and engage in giving the hand of friendship and fellowship to all reformers who are really striving to make pleasant the home of the universal family, and ever remember that in unity there is strength, but that with mutual in our ranks, it is easy to be beaten.

Let us join forces, that we may be, through the omnipotent justice of our cause, as impregnable as the serried ranks of the old-time English archers.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the liberal papers.

J. M. D. A. POWERS, President.

EUGENE M. MACDONALD, Secretary.

## BOSTON NOTES.

High Sheriff Oldham is solid on Spiritualism and a friend to mediums. Ditto, ex-Chief of Police Savage. Mr. Hull is now prominently located in Boston, and will soon resume her sittings of materialization. Rumor says many new mediums of a high order are in a preparatory state of development hereabouts. Dr. Donald Kennedy, an old veteran in the cause, erecting a handsome hotel on the grounds on Waverley, Boston, which concedes the lectures of young Mr. Colville to be the best Spiritualism ever heard in Boston. Henry S. Colcott, lately here on a visit to the Houghton's, looks care-worn. Theosophy bears heavily upon him. Blavatsky's art magic etc., etc., seems to become one of the dead issues. Mrs. Boothby, Mrs. Flynn, Maud Lord-Mitchell, Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Pickering all object to being tested. Social receptive gatherings among the prominent mediums in the city are discontinued by the editor of *MIND AND MATTER* "down on the spirit." *Springfield Republican*.

Middleton, Jan. 18th, and died at Cromwell, Sept. 12th, aged seventy-five. This girl has never been married, and no one knows her name. She was at other times given names of deceased parties whom she subsequently said she never knew, and dates which, on examination, prove correct. Mr. Emerson, who is not a Spiritualist, says the young woman "comes and goes about the room, and he avers that her shoes and stockings have been taken off by invisible means, as he and a friend held her hands, she being unconscious during the operation. The medium is twenty-one, rather stout, and not at all nervous. She is a Second Andrew, and is learned to be

"down on the spirit." *Springfield Republican*.

## Something about Chalk.

In some places on the Continent of Europe, that natural production called chalk is more than one thousand feet thick, which it will be admitted is a mass of considerable magnitude, and yet this chalk is not of any great value. The whole area covered by the chalk formation of the globe, from the northwest of Ireland this wonderful production stretches over a large part of France, continues Southwest to America, and to the Eastward through the Crimea, Syria, Persia, and so on to the far side of the Sun. Asia, central Asia. It is calculated by Professor Huxley that if all the points at which true chalk occurs were circumscribed, they would be within an irregular oval about three thousand miles in longest diameter. This chalk, therefore, an immense mass in the memory of man, is one of those mistakes which the human mind is apt to make. Natural law, if well understood, would lead always to happiness, but if through priestly mounds or ergymen, or any denomination, bring us into misery, then we are to blame.

Communications received through Alfred James, of Philadelphia, while unconsciously entranced and taken down by the editor of *MIND AND MATTER* as they fell from the lips of the medium, Nov. 28, 1878.

**Good Afternoon.**—Logic and reason are the weapons of the wise—prayer and superstition are the guides of fools. To learn this has cost me the most intense misery. Prayer, dogmas and creeds were the guides of my earthly life, and in the after or spirit life, I have had to contend with all kinds of conditions in order to get that golden key called "Truth" to unlock the gates of heaven. This chalk is one of those mistakes which the human mind is apt to make.

Natural law, if well understood, would lead always to happiness, but if through priestly mounds or ergymen, or any denomination, bring us into misery, then we are to blame.

The next question concerns light. How can you bring light to an atmosphere where there is none to cherish and facilitate—to day one thing, to-morrow another. How can we spirits make plain the paths of infinity when they mock and deride our most sacred efforts.

But, still there is one cause for thankfulness, and that is this: that every pure and good spirit is sustained by the thought that it is disseminating truth, and like the sun, the bringer of light to the sky coast, although often repulsed, we will attack and defend again; for when once we force an entrance, nothing shall withstand us that savors of error.

But, the sun of truth rising over the wreck of superstition, shall bring this world once more a paradise where love and peace shall reign, and right govern all humanity. I have done. Thank you for this hearing—My name

**MELANCHTHON.**—One word more before I go. Feign would I lift my compeers, who live with me on this planet, from the depths of hell, to a place of to-day in spirit-life, as they were when here. May I not help you in an undertaking in which you have been discovered among the chalk fossils, and that the great majority of them are of such forms as are now met with only in the sea, and there is no reason to believe that any one of them inhabited freshwater? The evidence that the chalk represents an ancient sea is not so clear as to make it certain, but the chalk head bands on the southern coast of the eastern continent, may be the remains of a sea which existed in the sea-sharp and solitary enough to serve as perches for the wary coromant. They confer wonderful beauty and sublimity to the observable spectator. Scientific research has developed the astounding as well as interesting fact that my chalk is not the chalk of the chalky coast, but the chalk of the chalky continent.

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## Original Poetry:

## A VISION.

BY J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

They laid her cold form 'neath the earth,  
And said that she was dead;  
They planted flowers to blossom bright  
In summer's warm and happy light,  
And wreaths above her spread.

They said, in words of tender love,  
Death's river had crossed,  
That heaven had opened wide its door,  
And we could see her never more—  
That she, to us, was lost.

But, oh, while I was weeping tears  
Of grief and anguish deep,  
I raised my pleading, tear-filled eyes  
Up to the star-beamed skies,  
While others weep in sleep.

I had a sudden, awful thrill,  
A hand clasped mine,  
Not cold, with chill of death,  
But warm with life and breath,  
As yours or mine.

I felt a breath upon my cheek,  
A warm, unfeigned breath—  
Not like a damp and chilling mist  
That came from lips that had been kissed,  
Kissed by the tyrant Death.

I heard a voice in accents low—  
Speak words of tender love,  
And then I knew that she had come  
From her far distant, happy home,  
Her home in lands above.

My tears were dried, and sweetest joy  
Stole o'er my saddened heart;  
I knew her spirit talked to me,  
And bade the weeping shadows flee,  
And evermore dry my heart.

And though she is not lost,  
But only gone before,  
And that her spirit comes again  
To drive away each throb of pain;  
I'll mourn and weep no more.

But raise my eyes with faith afoul,  
And wait her coming bright;  
Wait, and hear her spirit voice,  
That bids my world-bound heart rejoice,  
And brings me peace and light.

Ah, blessed comfort to us here,  
That those we love the best,  
Can come to hold communion sweet,  
With our earth-bound spirits meet,  
And bring from care, a rest.

of all things surrounding? Now answer me that."

"Wall I reckon so."

"Wall you reckon so," retorted the somewhat lawyer. "What did you drink on that occasion?"

"Water," responded the witness.

"You can retire," said the lawyer.

## EFFECTS OF BLIGHTED AFFECTIONS.

"No, I am going to have my suit for breach of promise postponed for three months," said a bounding girl of Kensington.

"Why so, Jenny?" The sooner you have that settled, the better," said her mother.

"Why, I just look how fat I am; look at my rosy cheeks; I'd never get a verdict in the world. I don't look cadaverous enough, I think that's the word. I must reduce my weight, so that when I go before the jury I must present a most awful picture of the blighting, blasting ravages of disappointed affection. And then I'll get a big verdict!"



## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## A CONDENSED FAIRY TALE.

In a valley inhabited by a few shepherds and their families there once lived a young girl who was fond of teasing every body, and whose delight it was to make fun of other children, and even deceive grown up people; she would often hide things, and then enjoy themselves playing tricks on everybody. To one she would offer a bunch of flowers, in which a thorn was concealed, and when put to the nose would stick it. If a stranger was traveling she would be sure to direct him on the wrong road. Sometimes she would hide a bunch of flowers in her hair, and when she would laugh heartily when she saw him running home as fast as he could.

On one occasion her mother fell down, and broke one of her legs, so that she had to hobble about on a crutch. A good daughter would have pitied and assisted a mother who was lame, but this bad girl, who was always playing tricks on everybody, to the contrary. She would not answer her mother when she called, but would run away to a distance and cry out, "Catch me if you can!"

Now this little girl got worse and worse, and on one occasion she took a little boy into the woods, and gathered him up, and then, with flowers for her birthday, and when she got him there she hid herself from him and was lost. She played "hide and seek" with him, and the more he tried to find her the more he got into the woods, and at last he was left in despair. So says the fairy tale which concluded as follows: "Dost thou pray for me? I will call all at once appeared before her and looking at her with earnest eyes, said, "Dost thou pray for me? I have said, "extensive knowledge." An adjective more easily akin to the verb would be "little knowledge," because all knowledge is but a single unit of measurement adopted as a standard, and with all things in their respective class are to be compared and determined by the particular sense to which it applies, or the particular quality of that which is measured—through the sense of which all things are contrasted with light, and words may be multiplied to express the changes which they assume to us.

Every phase of mathematical knowledge dates from the additive and subtractive of our unit—a grain in length or a grain in weight: or we may enlarge our unit to the extent of the vibration of a pendulum, or a length to be determined by fixed factors which shall oscillate in partial vacuum—a atmosphere.

She nodded "Yes."

"Then I will help thee in the game." And so saying, he took a little boy into the woods, and he became a bird with bushy brown feathers which flew away in the air and disappeared among the trees, crying, "Cuckoo, cuckoo."

The youth then left the lost boy out of the woods and took him home. But every spring the cuckoo would return, bidding herself so that no one could see her. At this time her voice has always been a warning to children who are fond of teasing, and deceiving others.

Children should always obey their parents; but parents should be extremely careful what kind of instruction they impart to their children, so as to make them useful to themselves and society in future years.

A LITTLE NONSENSE, now and then, is relished by the best of men.

## WAR IN TURKEY.

There was a warlike raid on Turkey about Thanksgiving day, and the remaining gobblers shudder at the prospect of the next campaign just before the coming Christmas. A merry Christmas is a grave joke for Turkey.

## A FARMER'S ADVICE.

"Boys," said the old farmer, "don't you ever go into speckering on any thing. You must as well simmer down on a stone in the medder with a nail atwixt yer feet, and wait for the 'cows to back up,' for to be milked. No, No, ye've got to go fur up."

## EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

A man, who had lived a fast life, at last joined church as the first step towards improving his moral condition. The first evening he attended church, he felt a desire to contribute to the cause on the "total depravity" of the human race, but was awakened from his sound sleep by the elder nudging him on the elbow with the contribution box, and then holding it before him. "No, I thank you," said he, partly awakening; "I quit sinning before I joined church;" and then he passed into the land of dreams of former days. He had evidently taken the contribution box for a box of segars.

## MISTAKEN POLITENESS.

The car stopped at Eighth and Walnut streets. A handsome young lady entered, and just a moment later a gentleman with a bald head arose from his seat.

"Do not rise, sir, do not rise," said the blushing young lady; "keep your seat, sir," for I can just as well stand."

"Well, miss, you can do just as you please," replied the young man; "but I am going to get out."

"Oh—ah—yes" escaped her ruby lips, as she wilted into the seat, and put the finger end of her delicate kiss between her teeth.

## A PROFOUND PROFESSOR.

A young lady, passing her first lessons in the higher school of polite learning, asked the professor to "define the art of the literary enclosure of a periphrasis."

"Yes, Miss," replied the professor. "The area of a periphrasis is very simple and easily demonstrated, circumscribing an atom of ideality, more or less demoralized in the mazy atmosphere of verbal profundity, so as to rhetorically avoid a trite manner of expression."

"Thank you, professor."

## KEEP UP THE ILLUSION.

"Mrs. Smith," said the veritable John, the other day, to his better half, "if you are cogitating in your own mind, and exercising your reasoning faculties on the subject of making me a Christmas present, there is an important item which I hope you will not forget."

"Why," said John, "just have the presentation of the bill deferred until after New Years, so as to keep up the illusion for a short time."

"All right," said Angelina, as she ascended the stairway singing.

The world is but a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given.

## SCENE IN COURT.

"Do I understand you to say that you had seven drunks on the occasion referred to," asked an aspiring member of the bar of a witness in a country court?

"Well I reckon that's the mark."

"Now tell me, were you sober at that time?"

"Wall I reckon I was."

"We're ever drunk before this affair?"

"Wall I reckon I've been tipsy."

"How much does it take to make you drunk?"

"Wall I reckon sometimes more and sometimes less."

"Well, now if one glass would make you drunk, a half a glass would make you half drunk, wouldn't it?"

"Wall I reckon so."

"Now look at me," said the lawyer, "do you say on the oath that you have taken before this honorable court and jury, with the destinies of these defendants trembling in the balance of even handed justice, that at the time and place of the quarrel or about the time where you were in the barroom, you had, inhaled and sucked down seven glasses, that you were entirely sober, so as to take cogni-

tion, without the aid of any drink, of more animal intelligence and power, to breathe, to extract, to hear, to penetrate, and at the time when the limits of possible duration of animal organism is attained, to quietly cease the performance of these several functions, and yet, its experience, its interest, is drawn from it, while its sensations cease with its organic functions."

The sum total of its mentality was the memory of sensuous experience.

"And as experiences matured and multiplied with it, comparisons were induced by it, and the results were compared with—that which produced for it the best results within the scope of its knowledge from precedent."

Having disposed of the animals of the lower order, and left their atoms moving through the realms of space and without saying anything about how many of them there may be, we have the "atoms" which measure my personal solidity and fluidity—and having buried its experience, "clad in the garbs of oblivion," I may now bring my observations to bear upon the "exalted creature" called "The Man," "the fish," "The Atom" of the Hebrew writings, and whose sensations, activities, natural and supernatural, have been developed in order that he shall think a system of thoughts, and act a series of acts in unison with a system of formulated words. In order that he may believe that one pulling babe has a destiny marked out for it, who is composed of atoms, is this, the which are to be its component atoms in the process of time, are yet performing good service in the loins of some wild, wild Kaffir, in the rock, in the soil, or under the slimy coat of a degraded serpent. And that such an infant is to become a ruler, "a crocodile in the water, a lion in the circle near to him, shall hide himself in the depth of the earth, to dig coal and promote disease in his organism."

A third is to become Pope, while his mate dredges for oysters. A fifth becomes a hero, to deck himself in gaily colored clothes—pompous in his hat, to strut under a polished bayonet, or blow on a bugle with a trumpet, and, in his attire, to make his mate out, in the sunshine, cultivate the corn and the cabbage and watches the herd, that he may feed himself, his king, his pope, his coal digger, and his "would be a soldier;" and all of this that each and all of them are prepared for a blissful and immortal life, "old immortals," "big gods and little gods" and rulers of many kingdoms.

Infuse these sentiments into your mind and practice them to the best of your ability, that you may inherit the promises.

Now let us explore, as they exist, irrespective of the conditions of life, the sensations and experiences of humans, who claim especie experiences which they purpose to communicate to organisms which do not realize or come in contact with such asserted experience.

The human infant exhibits the same tendency to the performance of functions as the animals.

His parents possess, possibly, every faculty known in every species of animal, and they possess a knowledge of the methods of the activities of matter upon various planes and under various conditions.

They have a system of words or sounds which they apply in varied combination to substances and to conditions.

They have an extensive knowledge of astronomy,—space and its occupants and their motions and movements; a knowledge of chemistry, the composition and analysis of matter; a knowledge of geology—of the origin and development of the earth, and of the formation and duration of the stratified conditions presented by matter, and thus approximate the true record of the earth.

I have said, "extensive knowledge." An adjective more easily akin to the verb would be "little knowledge," because all knowledge is but a single unit of measurement adopted as a standard, and with all things in their respective class are to be compared and determined by the particular sense to which it applies, or the particular quality of that which is measured—through the sense of which all things are contrasted with light, and words may be multiplied to express the changes which they assume to us.

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Professor Tyndall now proceeds to refer to points personal to himself, then to discuss the question of evolution as follows:

The roll of echoes which succeeded the lecture delivered by Professor Virchow at Munich on the 22nd of October, 1877, was long and loud. Glances from it to an address delivered by me before the Midland Institute last autumn were very frequent.

Dr. Hooker at Norwich in 1868, "since the publication of *The Origin of Species by Natural Selection*, and it is therefore not too early now to ask what progress that bold hypothesis had made in scientific estimation." *The Origin of Species* has passed through four English editions, two American, two French, two German, several Russian, a Dutch and an Italian. So far from Natural Selection being a thing of the past (the *Athenaeum* had stated it to be so), it is an accepted doctrine with almost every philosophical school, and is now regarded as the products of a separable spiritual agent. In like manner, though we are unable to trace the course of things from the nebula, where there was no life in our sense, to the present earth where life abounds, the spiritual and practice of science are against the hypothesis of an omnipotent creator. Theologists may and will franklly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed, save from demonstrable antecedent life.

THEORY OF DESCENT.

Three years subsequently it fell to my lot to address the members of the Midland Institute at Birmingham, and a very few words will reveal the grounds of my argument.

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